

STORIES OF SPORTS
TOLD BY EXPERTS

BEST SPORTING PLACE IN NEW YORK

UP TO DATE, NEWSY
AND WELL WRITTEN

THE STORY, VIEWS AND OPINIONS ON LAST NIGHT'S GREAT BATTLE OF THE FEATHERWEIGHTS

DRISCOLL BEATS
CHAMPION ATTELL
IN GREAT BATTLE

Little Welshman Outpoints and Out-slugs American Fighter in a Majority of Rounds and Gains Right to the Decision.

BY ROBERT EDGREN.

Jem Driscoll beat Abe Attell in a hot ten-round fight at the National last night. As soon as the affair was over Jem jumped blithely into his togs and whirled off to a charity barn dance in Westchester, where he boxed four rounds more and danced until the sun rose. While Driscoll was rounding out the evening Jem was doctoring a swollen eye and having his nose restored to its usual symmetry.

It was a tropical scrap while it lasted. Contrary to all dope, it was a real fight. There were moments when Attell tried desperately for a wallowing finish. Curiously enough, it was in these flurries that he found Driscoll hardest to hit. It's safe to say that in all of his experience Able never met such a disappointment. He has slugged with tough customers and come out with flying colors, and he has made clever men look foolish. But this time he found himself up against a man who actually beat him in speed and skill.

Attell always looked dangerous. Every one expected him to land some time, and to land so hard that they'd have to carry Driscoll out. Yet his best punches whizzed through the air and did no more than graze the ghost-like boxer in front of him. Attell was a fine figure of a fighting man. Always cool, always deliberate, he looked more the great finisher than Driscoll, who was continuously dancing in and out and hitting or blocking or ducking with lightning speed. There were times, at these times Driscoll tore in and slugged. This was usually after he had been stung. In cleverness they were nearly a match that they often fought in exactly the same style, landing alternately with blows just alike. It was in speed and a truly marvelous ability to escape by a hair's thickness that Driscoll held an advantage.

Driscoll's Early Advantage. This was shown in the first round. Both cold as ice, unemotional, watch-

Driscoll Weighed One Pound
More Than World's Champion

Driscoll stripped to the skin before he stepped on the scales. The beam was set at 125 pounds. It did not waver. Attell stepped on the scales wearing a woollen shirt and after the beam had failed to move Al Lippe weighed him. He sealed 123 1/2. Driscoll's manager declined to show what the Englishman sealed, but as they could not have been much more than a pound difference at 9 o'clock, it is doubtful if Driscoll had more than a pound in his favor when they entered the ring.

ful while sitting in their corners and when coming together at the first bell, there was nothing to choose between the start. For a moment they sparred cautiously, each looking for an opening and finding a blank wall of defense. Then Driscoll missed a light jab and landed a second one on Able's chin. Attell missed a left, and again they sparred. Able landed in the stomach and Driscoll countered on the mouth. They both landed a few light taps. Attell punched Driscoll into a corner, and Jem easily slipped away again. They were still feeling each other out. But now Able thought he had the Englishman's measure. For half a minute he fought and followed until he had Driscoll with his back against the ropes. Then with a sudden swift plunge he hooked his left over toward Driscoll's chin with every ounce of force in his little body behind the blow. Attell meant that for a knockout—a punch that would show the English fighter up and establish for all time his own claim to vast superiority.

So swiftly that the eye could hardly follow it, Attell's padded fist whizzed through the air straight to the mark. And although only a hundredth of a second had passed, the mark was there. Driscoll had slipped aside. The force of the blow flung Attell himself from his feet and he fell heavily to his knees on the very spot Driscoll had occupied an instant before.

That one failure showed Attell instantly that he was up against. He had met his match. Driscoll had the first round by a shade.

Attell Plays for Stomach. In the second Attell began hammering lefts into Driscoll's stomach, but without any noticeable effect. They jabbed together time and again, and when Attell jabbed and landed Driscoll came back with a more telling jab, which was a more telling jab than the one which landed a blow of equal force before Attell could block or move away. An even round.

As soon as the third began Driscoll cut out the pace. He tilted Attell's head back with lightning jabs that shook the little champion from hair to heels. Attell, stung and infuriated, rushed and hooked savagely with right and left. He only found Driscoll flinching away from him, and then he landed a blow of equal force before Attell could block or move away. An even round.

Toward the end of the round Jem suddenly uncovered a glancing punch that he has held in reserve all through his other fights. He sent the left over and followed instantly with a straight, piston-like right. And he caught the champion there and again in the corner, blocking and eyeing.



IN THE FIRST ROUND DRISCOLL SLIPPED AWAY FROM A SAVAGE HOOK SO CLEVERLY THAT ATTELL WAS HURLED TO HIS KNEES.

IN THE 4TH ATTELL GOT ONE LIKE THIS AND FELT VERY DIZZY.

ABE - HE LOST HIS BEAUTY IN THE 4TH.

ATTELL SCORED HARD IN THE 7TH ROUND.

OOH! THIS WAS JABBER WHITE IN HIS LUNNON RAGS.

Great Crowd Cheers
As Driscoll Sails Away
On Steamer St. Paul

Little Welshman Makes Merry Until Near Daylight, and Then Goes to Boat.

BY VINCENT TREANOR.

JEM DRISCOLL took in the barn dance of St. Raymond's Church, up in West Chester, after his great fight with Attell. He couldn't get up there soon enough. He had promised to box an exhibition with Eddie Johnson on the 21st, and as he said, he wanted to have a dance or two. Considering that the clever little Englishman was booked to sail for home on the St. Paul at 10 o'clock this morning, he didn't have any more sleep than the law allows.

The first thing Driscoll wanted after the fight, when he reached the gymnasium, was a cigarette. He was putting on it before he had his lights off. He was unmarked, and said he wasn't hurt at any time throughout the bout. "I will say, however, that I was stung by Attell quite often, but never really hurt."

"I Won, Sure!" Attell
Said After the Fight

ABE ATTELL went home to his wife up in One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street after the fight. He wasn't quite as presentable as when he left her earlier in the evening. He had a lumpy right eye, badly discolored, and a swollen nose. Attell says he acquired the optical decoration in the third round by running into Driscoll's head, but to the man up in the blazers it looked like Driscoll's snappy left lead and counters did it.

"I won the fight all right, didn't I?" he asked.

"Didn't I do all the forcing and didn't I land the hardest blow?" He never forced me once. Didn't I pepper his stomach and have him had in his corner in the ninth round? I made up my mind that I was going to play for his body, and I think I got there. I didn't try very much to hit him on the head, because I knew he would do that clever ducking stunt. I didn't want him to make me miss that way. I went for his body and whanged him there a good many more times than the crowd saw.

"Driscoll is clever. You have to hand him that, but he's like all those English fighters—he couldn't break an egg with his punches."

"You may not have noticed, but nearly every time he hit me in the face with the heel of his glove, whereas I landed on him with my closed fist."

"His best round was the fifth, but outside of that I beat him all the way, didn't I?" He admitted that himself. When someone asked him if he was bringing home the title, he said: "No, I'm bringing home the championship of Wales."

Some of Attell's hearers agreed with him and others didn't, and it was just at this point that Al Lippe clinched in with "Gee! I wish Driscoll would sign up now for a twenty round bout when he comes back."

Driscoll danced away. Attell followed it was his round.

So was the eighth. Attell forced the fight with a rush. Both landed, but Driscoll's punches were the harder. He spun Driscoll around with a left hook high on the cheek. Driscoll, not relaxed, came back and landed a right on the body. They slugged and slugged. Attell was cool and scientific—Driscoll, on the other hand, was a brute. He landed twice on Driscoll's chin. The boxer looked hard, but Jem took them without a quiver. Attell struck his right fist into Jem's stomach and made his legs give a little at the knees. Back came Driscoll, fighting hard, and was pushed into a corner. Then the bell.

Wine Bath for Driscoll. They poured champagne over Driscoll's head during the rest. Jem says that he took a good long rest. He always starts the ninth with a bottle. He came out and jabbed Able on the eye. Able hit at him. Driscoll ducked lightly and Attell floundered into the ropes like a novice. They fought all around the ring, in and out of the ropes, and Driscoll picked up his lead where he had dropped it two rounds before.

Then came the last round. Long feinting at first and careful work, followed by good hard punching. Driscoll landed



O'Rourke waving a towel for Attell.

FLEETING IMPRESSION OF CHARLIE HARVEY DRISCOLL'S MANAGER.

Do New Yorkers Like the Boxing
Game?—Just Look Over This List

That boxing is popular in New York was shown last night, when in ring-side seats were seen such well-known and representative men as James R. Keene, Davy Johnson, Senator Pat McCarrn, Senator Timothy D. Sullivan, Bob Vernon, George Considine, Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall; Dan Cohalan, J. Sergeant Cram, Phil Dwyer, Tom Cogan, the big criminal lawyer of Cincinnati; Henry Snodgrass, ex-City Paymaster; Borough President John F. Ahearn, ex-Chief Bill Devery, Dick Croker, Jr., Schuyler Parsons, Larry Waterbury, Civil Service Commissioner Polk, Freddie Gebhardt, Milton Barker, Fred Housman, the banker; Senator William Tully, Allen Ryan, son of Thomas F. Ryan; Charles Dillingham, Sam H. Harris, Charley Rector, the restaurant man; Frank Farrell, Gene Wood, Mark Klaw, Abe Erlanger, Tammany Hall leaders Jim Hagan, Eugene McGuire, Charley Culkin, Johnny Cogey and Ross Williams; Nat Goodwin, Harry Stevens, James B. Regan, of the Knickerbocker Hotel; Ike Bloom, of Chicago; Jack Welch, Tom Costigan, Aaa Cassidy, Frank McKee, Charley Thowley, Jerry Siegel, Jimmy Wakely, William Henner, Martin Beck, of the Orpheum Theatre circuit; Meyer W. Livingston, Little Tim Sullivan, Billy Cowan, Maxey Blumenthal, Eddie Burke, Johnny Considine, Harry Von Tilzer, Vincent Bryan, Jule Von Tilzer, Johnny Murphy, brother of Charley; Vic McGuire, Billy Gibson, Jack McGuigan, of Philadelphia, and hundreds of others.

Side Lights on the Great
Battle as Seen by John Pollock

I looked like the old Horton law days at the National A. C. stag last night, where Jem Driscoll and Abe Attell battled ten of the classic rounds ever seen at any show in this city. Joe Dunn held the watch on the men. Jem Humphreys did the announcing. Johnny White refereed the preliminary bouts, Charley White judged the star bouts, and Tom O'Rourke was chief second and adviser for Attell.

Attell, with a broad smile on his face, entered the club-house and in boarded the elevator which took him up to the sixth floor, where the club's gymnasium is situated. Both men gave each other a hearty handshake, and Driscoll said: "I hope the fight will be a good one." "Thank you," replied Attell. "I hope the same."

Driscoll had to dress for the bout at the rear of the gymnasium, while Attell took possession of the space at the upper end of the "gym" and had a long couch to lie off on. It only took about ten minutes for the men to get undressed, save their trunks and briefs, and to make their acquaintance.

Senator Tim Sullivan nearly worked himself into a frenzy yelling for Attell. Tim sat in a box near the fifth round. Jim jumped down his chair and shouted to Attell: "Go on, son, you will get him yet!"

When the semi-final between Harry Stone and Jack O'Rourke had been finished, Attell's manager, Charley White, immediately took him to the dressing room and said: "Come on, Driscoll, come on, Attell. We are ready for you."

Attell got on the elevator first, and when Driscoll saw him on it he held back and pointed to when it came up. Attell came down alongside of the little champion while he was waiting ready for the battle and, of course, the crowd was so big that he couldn't get in.

While the men were getting ready Johnny Cohen, the boxing manager, called Jem and said: "You are a great little man." "You are a great little man," he replied.

One of Driscoll's most staunch rooters was Owen Moran, the English feather weight. Moran sat behind the ropes near Attell's corner, and every time Driscoll would let him see a good jab Moran would shout: "Keep it going, Jem! Keep it going! You will win with that punch!"

OPINIONS ON THE FIGHT

Remarkable Diversity of Views Shown by Well Known Boxing Patrons Who Saw Last Night's Bout

IN a bout like that of last night, wherein the principals go the limit at a fast clip, there is always a difference of opinion as to the winner. Never, however, since boxing club life became so popular in New York has there been such a diversity of views as to the outcome. The majority thought Driscoll, but there were hundreds of others who said Attell or a draw. The conservative said a draw. Here are some of the remarks on the subject picked up around the ring after the bout:

JACK MCGUIGAN, the Philadelphia referee: If the bout had ended in the eighth round I don't think there would be any questioning Attell's right to the decision. In the last two rounds Driscoll kind of evened it up while Attell appeared to be losing.

JOHNNY OLIVER—I think Attell won. Driscoll had about two rounds, the fifth being his best, but the rest were Attell's on aggressiveness and harder punching.

NAT GOODWIN, the actor—I think it was a good draw. Anything else would be unfair to both boys.

BOB VERNON—Abe put up a great bout, but I think Driscoll shaded him. That wine bath made Driscoll go some in the tenth.

JOE BOWKER, the English fighter—Jem won in a fine fashion. It was a lively mess, eh?

CHARLEY—The referee—it was one of the classic bouts I have officiated at for years. Who won? Why, I wouldn't tell you if I knew.

"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN—It was pretty close, but I think Attell won. He did all the forcing.

"BILLY" LONG—Attell won. Driscoll did little or no forcing. Attell had to do it all. His punches were the harder, too.

BILLY LONG—Attell won. Driscoll won't. You can't prove it by me, but so good as that, to pick a winner from those two babies.

JOE HUMPHRIES—It was a nip and tuck, but I think Driscoll's man.

New York A. C. Has
Snap at Hockey
With Wanderers

In the presence of one of the largest gatherings of hockey enthusiasts ever seen in the St. Nicholas rink, the New York A. C. hockey team last night defeated the Wanderers by a score of 3 goals to 0. The game was a hurricane one throughout, and the "Winged Foot" seven had no trouble in coming out victorious. By carrying this game the New York A. C. team practically clinches the Amateur League hockey championship title.

GOOD CARD TO-NIGHT
AT LONG ACRE CLUB.

To-night will be a gain one for the members of the Long Acre Athletic Club, West Twenty-ninth street. The management has arranged an all-star series in which the best boys of their respective classes will be brought together. There will be four six round contests and a wrestling match. Frankie Fay and Billy Sparring will go six rounds at 125 pounds. Jack Landers will take on Bill Whitley. Young Irving will go against Kid Rose and Young McGee will swap wallops with Jack Hayes.

Sullivan Failed to Appear.

(Special to The Evening World.) NEW ORLEANS, La., Feb. 20.—Because of the mysterious disappearance from the city of Mike (Twin) Sullivan, the ten round scheduled contest with Harry Lewis at the Park View Athletic Club was called off. The only man who has been known to the club will match Lewis with some local fighter next week.

Free to Boys

I Have a Splendid 22 Caliber Hunting Rifle for Every Boy Who Will Write to Me.

This is a regular 22 caliber hunting rifle. It is not a toy but a real rifle, shooting long or short cartridges. It has a patent shell ejector and is in every way a dandy gun. Just what every boy wants to hunt with and for target practice. It is a gun you will be proud to show your friends. I have given away thousands of guns just like this one as they always give satisfaction. I want to give you this splendid rifle and all I want in return is a little easy work. Write me to-day and I will tell you all about the gun and just how you can get it.

A. M. PIPER,
568 Popular Bldg.,
Des Moines, Iowa.

MEN AND WOMEN.
The Big 6 for constipation, hemorrhoids, indigestion, nervousness, or other ailments. It is a sure cure for all these troubles. It is a sure cure for all these troubles. It is a sure cure for all these troubles.

Any news item about the ten gun game will be printed in these columns if mailed to Bowling Edition, Evening World, Park View, N. Y.

De Oro Beats Lauterbach. Alfred De Oro vanquished D. Lauterbach at the three-round game in Doyle's Billiard Academy, Broadway and Forty-second street, last night. This afternoon he will meet Al York, the only man who has beaten him during the week. To-night he will play "Broadway Jack" Smith at 9 p.m.